For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeake.
Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.
Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*
Ant. It is that any thing now.
Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reaſons are as two graines of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhal ſeeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.
Ant. Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.
Baſſ. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*,
Hovv much I have diſſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhovving a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all unlockt to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my Schoole daies, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

I ſhot

I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf
The ſelfe ſame vvay, vvith
To find the other forth, and
I oft found both: I urge th
Becauſe what followes is pu
I owe you much, and like a
That which I owe is loſt; bu
To ſhoot another arrow tha
Which you did ſhoot the fi
As I will watch the ayme, o
Or bring your latter hazard
And thankefully reſt debter
An. You know me well
To winde about my love w
And out of doubt you do me
In making queſtion of my u
Then if you had made vvaſt
Then doe but ſay to me vvh
That in your knowledge m
And I am preſt unto it: ther
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lad
And ſhe is faire, and fairer t
Of vvondrous vertues; ſom
I did receive faire ſpeechle
Her name is *Portia*, nothin
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus*
Nor is the wide vvorld ign
For the foure vvinds blow
Renowned ſutors, and her
Hang on her temples like a
Which makes her ſeat of *Be*
And many *Iaſons* come in
O my *Anthonio*, had I but
To hold a rivall place vvith
I have a minde preſages me
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe
Anth. Thou knowſt tha
Neither have I money, nor

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